

WE WISH YOU ALL A

Merry
Xmas

AND

A Happy and
Prosperous New Year

MEET US IN OUR NEW LOCATION

MONDAY, DEC. 27TH

Roth
GROCERY CO.Dana H. Allen Says
"Wilson Ain't So Much"

Dana H. Allen, a young attorney of this city and representative for Marion county, surprised his friends last evening when he was married to Miss Myrtle Marie Howell, at the home of the bride's brother, Edwin Hoffmann, at 6 o'clock.

Mr. Allen had been asked to an informal Christmas eve family dinner, and it was not until the arrival of the Rev. James Elvin, that even the relatives suspected a wedding was about to take place. Plans had been made to announce the wedding in February and for this reason, the wedding was a surprise to all the relatives.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hoffmann of Abeline, Kansas and has lived at the home of her brother in this city for several years. Mr. Allen was born in this county and has lived in Salem all his life. He is a member of the house of representatives from Marion county and is recognized as one of the leading young attorneys of the city. Mr. and Mrs. Allen will continue to make their home in Salem.

Old Cemetery Decorated
"Little Child Led Them"

San Diego, Cal., Dec. 25.—A cheap little American flag and a tattered bunch of wild flowers placed, presumably by some child, on an almost obliterated grave in an old cemetery where lay soldiers who fell at the Battle of San Pasqual, 69 years ago, has led the chamber of commerce to decorate and preserve the old Protestant burial ground at Old Town. Surrounded by a rickety fence, the headstones fallen and the mounds overgrown, the little cemetery has long been neglected. It has been off the roads in that part of San Diego which was the center of town when Fremont planted the United States flag in what now is the plaza of Old Town, which lies between the Mission of San Diego De Alcala and the sea. The Battle of San Pasqual was fought between the American forces and Mexicans in 1846 and twenty or more of the Americans are buried here.

Convicts At Pen Stage
Xmas Minstrel Show

The convicts at the Oregon state pen put on a minstrel show last night in the prison auditorium to celebrate the Christmas tide. Last night's show was for "prisoners only" and the show will be repeated for the public on New Year's night. Last night's performance consisted of a special program in addition to the minstrel show. A sketch "Terrible Tower" made a great hit and depicted a loveless swain whose lady love was guarded by a ferocious dog who put various messengers to flight but who was finally "charmed" by music.

PREPARE FOR HARD WINTER

Baker, Ore., Dec. 24.—Cattle owners throughout eastern Oregon were today taking every precaution against losses resulting from severe winter weather. Because of the long dry summer, the range did not furnish as much nourishment as usual, and the early winter has already caused suffering among the stock.

CLAIMS OF SHORTAGE

Berkeley, Cal., Dec. 24.—Though an official claims she is short in her accounts to the extent of \$3,800, Mrs. Ella McGreer, aged 52, long a faithful employee of the People's Water company insisted today there is no shortage. No prosecution has been attempted.

MURDERED OLD MAN

San Francisco, Dec. 25.—Police were on the trail today of three automobile bandits who last night shot and killed James H. Shade, a shingler, 74 years old. Shade lived in the same house with Christian Stockey, owner of several properties, who usually keeps about \$300 in his safe. It is thought the bandits shot Shade when he refused to tell where the money was hidden.

Christmas Dinner at
Bracebridge Hall

THE dinner was served up in the great hall, where the squire always held his Christmas banquet. A blazing, crackling fire of logs had been heaped on to warm the spacious apartment, and the flame went sparkling and wreathing up the wide mouthed chimney.

The great picture of the crusader and his white horse had been profusely decorated with greens for the occasion, and holly and ivy had likewise been wreathed around the helmet and weapons on the opposite wall.

A sideboard was set out just under this chivalric trophy, on which was a display of plate that might have vied (at least in variety) with Belshazzar's parade of the vessels of the temple—"diagon, cups, beakers, goblets, basins and ewers"—the gorgeous utensils of good companionship that had gradually accumulated through many generations of jovial housekeepers. Before them stood the two Yule candles, beaming like two stars of the first magnitude. Other lights were distributed in branches, and the whole array glittered like a firmament of silver.

We were ushered into this banquetting scene with the sound of minstrelsy, the old harper being seated on a stool beside the fireplace and twanging his instrument with a vast deal more power than melody. Never did Christmas board display a more goodly and gracious assemblage of countenances. Those who were not handsome were at least happy, and happiness is a rare improver of your hard favored visage.

The parson said grace, which was not a short, familiar one, such as is commonly addressed to the Deity in these unceremonious days, but a long, courtly, well worded one of the ancient school. There was now a pause, as if something was expected, when suddenly the butler entered the hall with some degree of bustle. He was attended by a servant on each side with a large wax light and bore a silver dish, on which was an enormous pig's head, decorated with rosemary, with a lemon in its mouth, which was placed with great formality at the head of the table.—Washington Irving.

"No Santa Claus"

If it be true, as some do say,
That there's no Santa Claus,
What is this spirit on the way
That never seems to pause
When Christmas chimes are sounding clear
Upon the frosty night
In spreading splendid gifts of cheer
In every mortal's night?

What is this sense of glow divine
That comes to you and me
When watching all that happy line
Of children round the tree?
Whence comes this mantling atmosphere,
So full of sweet release
That falls upon us once a year
And covers us with peace?

No Santa Claus? Oh, men of doubt,
Whence comes this sorry claim?
Would you so fair a spirit flout
For reasons of a name?
Dear Santa Claus is everywhere
Where hearts are true and kind,
And where there's love of man 'tis there
His presence none can find.
—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

No Perfect Christmas Sermon.
Some one has said that there cannot be found in literature a single Christmas sermon which meets the occasion. Of course there cannot.

The occasion is the new birth of the world. Unless the preacher is competent to say how far the world has grown since its new birth, unless he can comprehend and declare the infinite greatness of that kingdom of God which the Saviour of men promises in the world and unless the same preacher can describe the world as it was, "the people who sat in darkness," he cannot preach the sermon which shall meet "the occasion."—Edward Everett Hale.

The Christmas "Cenone."
The "Cenone," a Christmas custom of southern Italy, is also observed in Rome. It is an ancient festival of the lower classes and is held on Christmas eve. It is a fast-feast (if it may so be designated) whose object is a reunion of families in a spirit of devotion. It consists of a supper at which macaroni and fish are the principal dishes. No other is served into whose composition either meat, yolks of eggs, milk or butter enters. Because of the "Cenone" the streets are deserted and dull on Christmas eve. After midnight in some sections noisy parades appear.

Mechanical Toys Are Not New.
In all ages of the world's history children have loved toys. History records the fact that figures of animals, such as horses, goats and dogs, were found among the toys made of pottery years before the Christian era. Even the mechanical toy is not a new invention, for in ancient Greece, where moving statuary astonished or amused both rich and poor, there was scarcely an Athenian house which did not possess a mechanical toy of some sort.

POTATO GROWERS TO
LOSE \$135,000 BY
FAILURE TO GRADEAt Least 500 Carloads Worth
\$270 Each Lost Through
Carelessness

Oregon potato growers will lose \$135,000 this year on account of carelessness in selecting seed and grading their potatoes according to P. E. Mangus of the firm of Mangus Bros., who has just returned from a trip through this state, Idaho and Washington, buying potatoes for this year's shipments. In Idaho the potato growing territory is more or less limited to one valley and the growers have set a standard grade for commercial potatoes. They are careful in the selection of their seed and sort the potatoes into grades. If a buyer orders a carload of potatoes of a certain grade he is sure to get it and it can be handled by wire with no loss or delay to the grower or shipper.

In the Willamette valley the potato growers in many instances have allowed their seed potatoes to run down and become mixed and when a buyer purchases a carload of potatoes it must be hauled to the warehouse and sorted over before it can be shipped to fill an order for a certain grade. It takes money to hire men to sort potatoes and in most instances they have already been sorted once and the second or final selection is a dead loss to the grower who pays for it. This is a general criticism as in a few instances the potato growers are careful to put up a standard grade of potato but in the great majority of cases the grower waits until he presents his crop for shipment before he begins to worry about the grade.

There are some Marion county growers who can be depended upon to sort their potatoes carefully and as a result the dealer is sure that the potatoes will be accepted by the wholesaler who purchases them, consequently the careful grower receives five cents per bushel more than the grower who compels the dealer to make several trips to inspect the shipment while it is being sorted.

In Oregon this year there will be about 2000 carloads of potatoes for shipment and it is estimated that to secure this 2000 cars that there will be sorted away 500 carloads of potatoes that would have been a merchantable product had the seed selection and grading been done carefully. At the average price of 90c a hundred pounds this would amount to \$270 a carload or \$135,000 that is lost to Oregon potato growers.

Oregon Burbanks appear to be the most merchantable potato in California, but Oregon Burbank seed is assuming some peculiarities that spoils the sale according to reliable dealers. The seed is becoming mixed and the product is correspondingly mixed and all of the loss is carried by the grower as the dealer buys only what suits him and every fault deducts from the market price. In the end the grower pays for it all and although the loss is small to each individual grower the total assumes enormous proportions and is a clear economic waste.

Forbes-Robertson Charms
Salem Audience In
Great English Drama

Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, the most famous actor of England, gave a large number of Salem theatre-goers a real treat. He is a real actor who like Sir Henry Irving, his countryman, has done noble work in the effort to hold the stage up to its proper standpoint in the evolution of right thinking men and women. Forbes-Robertson appears only in clean plays and he presents his ideal of a character in a conscientious way, and neither raucous nor mouths his lines.

Last night the entire cast was capable but possibly Laura Cowie, as Stasia, the slave, and Mary Sumner, as Vivian Tompkins, were worthy of special notice. Miss Cowie's acting was exceedingly clever.

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is entirely void of dramatic sensationalism. It is a delicate work of art which appeals to the intellect rather than to romantic emotion, and is perhaps the cleverest work of Jerome K. Jerome, the English author and playwright. In fact, the play is so spiritual that it is difficult to describe it in words. Forbes-Robertson is to the drama what Millais is to painting, giving us a strong outline and leaving volumes to the imagination capable of comprehension; for we cannot with words or color give to what imagination can supply and heart can feel. Imagination alone can apprehend the infinite, and true art is of the infinite.

The play deals with every day events of life, with no unusual or dramatic incident which might border on the improbable. It is the mirror held up to life, showing the selfishness of human nature, and the little, petty bickerings that form the discords of existence. But with the coming of the lodger in the "third floor back" all is changed by the alchemy of the love and kindness of one man. A few pleasant words are suggested for irritating criticism, and all is transformed into gold. It is a lesson we should carry with us in our daily lives. We should be more charitable to what seems to be the faults of others. Harmony is the one great potent force of nature, and all that has been done worth while for man has been done through the influence of love.

Last night's performance was a sermon to be remembered long after the great dean of the drama has retired to private life, and as the audience filed out of the playhouse one could see that they carried with them the impression of hours spent in the atmosphere of the higher life. The flood of light left by the passing of the unnamed lodger illuminated the hearts of all, and fell like a benediction over the hushed and solemn throng.



By Rev. CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS, D. D.

THE last of the little stockings had been packed to its utmost capacity and hung upon the mantel.

Mary surveyed them with a smile of satisfaction and then went into the nursery to take her good night look at little Bob and Elsie.

When she returned there was in her great brown eyes the mysterious light of mother love.

She found her husband sitting near the fireplace and gazing absentmindedly at the flames.

"Tom," she said, "what do you think Elsie said when Bob asked her this afternoon what she wanted you to give her for Christmas?"

"I don't know. What?"

"She heaved the sweetest little sigh and replied, 'I wish papa would just give me his own self all day long.'"

"What did she mean by that?" he asked with a start.

"You dear old fellow," she answered, pushing his hair back from his forehead with her gentle hand, "you have



YOU NEVER SAW ANY ONE SO HAPPY.

not been yourself of late. Your business has worried you, and we hardly feel as if we see anything of you. Your body is here, but your mind is down at the store."

"You think Elsie has noticed it?"

"I do so."

"Jing! This won't do!"

"You dear old giant, I dreaded to tell you, for I know how hard it is."

"Bless your heart! Don't for heaven's sake let me fall into any habit which will darken those little children's lives nor yours," he said, kissing her.

All day frolic began in the Speedwell home the minute those two little white nightgown figures stole into the room at sunrise.

Tom helped them empty their stockings and open their packages, and when they screamed with delight in their childish trebles he roared in his thunderous bass. He peeled their oranges, cracked their nuts, span their tops, strapped on their skates, dressed their dollies and shot peas at their tin soldiers for four hours until dinner.

He seemed a little tired and drawn when he carved the turkey, but Mary gave him a look that put new heart into him, and after dinner he commenced again.

You never saw any one so happy as that little Speedwell young one! They forgot all about their toys and just rolled and tumbled over their dear old daddy like little poodles over a great Newfoundland dog.

And when the day turned to twilight and the twilight faded into dark two tired children crept up into Tom's lap and laid their heads upon his heart.

Bob fell asleep with his eyes fixed upon his father's face, in a sort of mute adoration, and Elsie, patting his beard, said in tones so much like Mary's that they startled him:

"Papa, do you know which gift I like best of all?"

"Your dolly," he said, trying to appear unconscious.

"You," she answered gravely, and, trying heroically, but vainly, to keep awake so as to feast upon his love a little longer, she too, fell asleep and dropped off upon the sea of Nod.

And there by the fireplace sat Mary, her big brown eyes full of tears.

"Well done, dear heart," she said. "You have won a great victory today. You have given yourself to others and so have reproduced the Christ life again. And now carry them off to their crib, and after I put them to bed you shall sit down with me and have a good, long worry if you want to."

"I don't believe I do, sweetheart. I have come out of myself for the first time in weeks, and I guess I'll stay."

—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

TRY JOURNAL WANT ADS.

Grand Theatre

TODAY—Continuous Performance from 2 p. m. to 11 p. m.
The Famous Players Paramount Feature

The Masqueraders

With

Hazel Dawn

Paramount News Pictures No. 4

SUNDAY

The Rugmaker's Daughter

FEATURING MAUD ALLAN—A Dancer of International Fame.

MONDAY P. M. we will give our annual free matinee to which all children under 14 years of age are invited and who will be admitted free. For this matinee we have secured the "Patchwork Girl of Oz," a picture that will delight the children.

Coming Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, "STILL WATERS" With MARGUERITE CLARK.

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Eastern Demand Lifts
Prices of Wheat

Portland, Ore., Dec. 25.—As was the case last year, there has been no holiday lull in the wheat market. The only evidences of hesitation have been due to transportation causes. As for the demand, it was strong at the wind-up of the week and exceeded the offerings, while prices were on a higher plane all around.

With Chicago repeating its performance of the earlier days of the week by adding several cents to wheat values, there was a prompt response in the northwest. The spread between Chicago and coast prices is now so wide that wheat can be shipped east at a profit.

For this reason, the buying has steadily assumed larger proportions. The demand was not altogether for eastern shipment, however, as mills at coast points were interested in the market.

Advices from the interior were that bluestem was being bought on the tide-water basis of \$1.02, fortyfold at equal to \$1.01 and club at 8 cents to \$1.

At the Merchants' Exchange there was a general revision of bid prices upward. January and February bluestem were one cent higher, at 99 cents bid, while \$1.04 and \$1.06 was asked.

The demand for fortyfold was stronger, which brought the bid prices up to those of bluestem. Offers for club were raised two cents. Nothing in the way of white wheat was offered under the dollar mark. Red wheat bids were also stronger, particularly life.

Bradstreet's estimates wheat and flour exports this week at 8,500,000 bushels.

Wool Is Firm.

Boston, Dec. 24.—The Commercial Bulletin will say tomorrow:

The demand for wool has been surprisingly good for the last of the year, and has come chiefly from the large worsted and dress goods interests, who purchased quantities of foreign wools, but spot and afloat, as well as considerable domestic wool, more particularly territories. Prices are stronger, but only in the case of some medium wools have actual advances been obtained. The mills are extremely busy.

Secured basis: Texas, fine 12 months, 67¢@70¢; fine eight months, 66¢@62¢.

California—Northern, 65¢@67¢; middle county, 62¢@63¢; southern, 55¢@56¢.

Oregon—Eastern No. 1, staple, 72¢@73¢; eastern clothing, 67¢@69¢; valley No. 1, 55¢@62¢.

Onions Are Higher.

Portland, Ore., Dec. 25.—The coming week will open with a 15 cent advance in Oregon onion prices. The new f. o. b. quotation on stock of the Confederated Onion Growers' association will be \$1.25 as against \$1.10, at which business was done in the past week.

Fourteen cars were sold by members of the association during the week. Most of these onions were shipped to eastern points. California buyers are

Poultry and Eggs.

There was little business in the poultry market yesterday, as the wants of the holiday trade were supplied earlier in the week. There were a few belated shipments of turkey, but these found buyers at the ruling price. In the retail district business was fair, but not up to that of Thanksgiving, and in some of the stores prices were shaded at the windup.

On the whole the poultry market is in very good condition and a satisfactory trade in live poultry of all kinds is anticipated for the coming week. Dressed meats were quiet, but prices held steady.

The egg market was weak at the close and a lower range of prices is in sight. Steady conditions prevail in the butter market.

McClanahan Re-elected
Head of Poultrymen

E. J. McClanahan, of Eugene, has been re-elected president of the Oregon State Poultry association by a large majority. The votes cast by mail were canvassed by E. E. Hardesty, election commissioner of the association, in this city yesterday, and Mr. McClanahan was found to have 40 votes and Edward Shearer, of Estacada, two. Other officers elected are as follows: J. A. Griffin, of Eugene, vice-president; Carl Williams, of Salem, secretary; Elmer Paine, of Eugene, treasurer; B. F. Keeney, of Eugene, and H. H. Ringhouse, of Clackamas, members of the executive board.—Eugene Register.

RESULT OF SHOOTING

Oakland, Cal., Dec. 24.—The shooting of Mrs. Jennie Robertson by a negro boy a week ago will be the means of reconciling Mrs. Robertson with her husband, Oliver Robertson, wealthy farmer, of Nebraska. Robertson is expected in Oakland tonight and will go immediately to the bedside of his wife from whom he was estranged. Mrs. Oliver will recover.

"CASEARIAN PUPS."

Berkeley, Cal., Dec. 24.—Two pups were born to a 2-5 Chihuahua dog here today, under Caesarian operation performed by Dr. F. H. McNear, city veterinarian. This was the second operation of the kind he attempted in a month.

HAD ROUGH EXPERIENCE.

Philadelphia, Dec. 24.—Captain Pennewell, his mate and crew of five are safe today after a perilous trip in the schooner Grace Seymour. They said the Greek steamer lost sight of them up after heavy weather had stripped their masts and water logged the ship.

The Wheat Yield Tells the Story

of Western Canada's Rapid Progress

The heavy crops in Western Canada have caused new records to be made in the handling of grains by railroads. For while the movement of these heavy shipments has been wonderfully rapid, the resources of the different roads, despite enlarged equipments and increased facilities, have been strained as never before, and previous records have thus been broken in all directions. The largest Canadian wheat shipments through New York ever known are reported for the period up to October 15th, upwards of four and a quarter million bushels being exported in less than six weeks, and this was but the overflow of shipments to Montreal, through which point ship-ments were much larger than to New York.

Yields as high as 60 bushels of wheat per acre are reported from all parts of the country, while yields of 40 bushels per acre are common. Thousands of American farmers have taken part in this wonderful production. Land prices are still low and free homestead lands are easily secured in good locations, convenient to churches, schools, markets, railroads, etc.

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